My beginning and pathway to group sex. Part 8

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My first day of two bareback cocks and two loads of cum

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/group-sex/my-beginning-and-pathway-to-group-sex-.aspx

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Elated by my second bareback fuck.

I walked the rest of the way home with a satisfied excitement, my mind replaying what had just happened. The quantity of his cum was the eye opener. Two days in a row and it was huge. I kept picturing the stream I had squeezed out onto the ground and wondered about the drips I had lost on the walk home. On a whim, I stopped at my boyfriend's house and knocked. His Mum answered and called up to his room. He came down and we headed straight out back to the rec room. We started kissing as soon as we were inside. He broke off and reached inside the front of his pants to pull something out. He produced my bra that I had shoved under his pillow on the weekend. I had forgotten to put it back on in my just fucked stupor. He told me his Mum had found it making his bed and given him the small lecture. God, we laughed. I felt embarrassed about having her know we were fooling around.

We kissed and fondled more and I got aroused again. He was pushing my hand onto his cock and rubbing my tits. This was good. He slipped his hand under my skirt to feel me and I held my breath. Was there any cum from the other boy still there? He groaned as he rubbed his fingers through my lips.

"I'm so horny and wet" I said.

"I can feel it. You're drenched" he replied.

"Been waiting all day. Don't waste it" I murmured.

"Where's your pants"?

"Surprise; they're in my bag already"

We were on the couch in five seconds with my skirt up and him pulling his pants down. I reached down and held his erection. Would I ever get tired of feeling them? I was about to have a cock where another had been less than half an hour before. This was so good.

I was so wet from the residual cum; he went in with one solid push and fucked me furiously. My

earlier orgasm had knocked the edge off it for me and I was able to absorb his actions and movements; listen to his grunts and the body slapping sounds of the fucking. I loved it. Loved the feel of it, the thought of it and the raw action of it. I thought about the look of it. What does it look like? What do I look like doing this? How can I see myself? I pictured his stiff cock sliding into me, coated in my slime and the left over cum. This triggered off the deep stirring. Cum already inside me and more to come. I was going to get my second load today. The thought made me start to rise and I gripped my boy harder. He thumped into me quickly making squishy sounds below and then grunted as he spurted his goodness deeply into me. My second load in one day. How good am I? I could feel some leaking out and trickling over my arse hole as he slowed, dragging out the last sensation from his fuck. He lay heavy on me catching his breath. My cunt was still twitching from the stimulation and my mind was full of images and filthy feelings. I slid my hand between us and for the second time that day gave myself a rub. It wasn't vigorous like the first one; just a subtle finger flicking over my clit while I bathed in the thought of two cocks and two loads of cum in me today. My contractions came quickly and were so strong I squeezed my boys slackened cock out of me. What a gorgeous feeling. Take it; take what I want from it, and spit it out.

I lay on my bed that night and thought a lot about the events of the day. I felt really good about everything that had happened. It was exciting, stimulating and definitely fun. I wondered, did other people do it with more than one person a day? Do others have variety? How many differences were there between boys? Size, I now definitely could vouch for. Amount of cum? That, I wouldn't have guessed. What else might I discover from others? Is there something out there I have never heard about? What are the possibilities with three boys; five; ten! My mind wandered to the other boys at school. Who else was on my wish list and what secrets might he have?

There was something more I couldn't put my finger on. Somehow, it just seemed right for me.

Part 9 to follow.